

THE RUTLAND HERALD.

From the New Yorker.

NOVEMBER.

"I said to it—'The time of the gathering, you know, blooms but for a day; and the season of roses is quickly gone.'—said

X.
Autumn and November,
With snow covering wreaths,
Who bid us remember
The coming of Death?
The autumn leaves hurry
All early away,
The last flowers to bury
Thy glad the short day.

XI.
Noy bee is hummin'
Among the pale flowers,
How Winter is coming
To tenant the bower.
No sweets they now offer,
To won him to come,
He hath filled his woe coffee,
Sweet morn, at home.

III.
The brook now singeth
A sorrowful song,
For the first time its springeth
Its banks are bare,
Is crooked with stones,
The bed on its bower
Is banqueting now.

VII.
When vernal's breatheth
The birds will return,
Sweet spring which breatheth
With flowers the cold earth,
But never more—never!
I'll view its fresh hours;
For I stand—I either
Away with the flowers!
Farewell.

MORAL.

A SHORT SERMON.

BY WILLIAM FAY.

"O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

Whose exclamation is this? It is obviously the language of a man not at rest. But who was this man? One of those deemed the darlings of Providence: a man who had experienced one of the most marvellous revolutions recorded in history. For he was originally nothing more than a shepherd; but rose from obscurity, and became a hero, a renowned conqueror, a powerful monarch. He had given him the necks of his enemies, and the hearts of his subjects; and we might have supposed him sated with victory, and glory, and dominion, and riches. But from the midst of all this he sighs, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest!" For, with all his aggrandizements, how much did he suffer from implacable malice! How much also from some of his own officers, and especially his nephew, Josb., the commander-in-chief. After rearing his fine palace of cedar, he could not for a length of time, take possession of it; for he was sick, nigh unto death, and week after week, saw the graves ready for him. And suppose they had brought out his crown and imposed it upon him—would this have eased an aching head, or have relieved the anguish of his disordered body? What is an ornamented room in the rage of a fever! Then his own house was not so with God. What a distracted and wretched family! His daughter is hounded.—The incestuous brother is murdered. The murderer becomes a traitor, and drives his father, as well as king, into exile. In his flight, he is told that Achishethel, his bosom friend and counsellor, among the conspirators with Absalom. Who can tell what other sorrows tormented him! The heart knoweth its own bitterness. There are griefs that we cannot pour even into the bosom of intimacy. There are thorns in the nest that pierce through the down that lines it, but are known and felt only by the occupier. Did David never regret the loss of the privacy of Bethlehem?

The spirit that is in us lusteth to envy. We are prone to think that, though generally men are born to trouble, there are some exempted individuals; and that though, commonly considered, this earth is a vale of tears, there are some privileged spots. And it is worthy our observation, that these exceptions always belong to others, and always to those who are above us. Is the servant happy? He will when he is master. Is the master happy? He will when he is rich. Is the rich man happy? He will when he is enabled, and has distinction as well as gold. Is the nobleman happy? He will when he is king. Is the king—the king happy? "Oh," says he, "that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest!" Let us remember this, and not be afraid when one is made rich, and the glory of his house is increased. Let us check the rising of ambition, and not seek great things to ourselves. Let us learn, in whatever state we are, to be content; and follow the moderation of the patriarch, who asked only for bread to eat, and raiment to put on, and a safe return to his father's house in peace.

Happiness depends not upon external condition, but the state of the mind. Paul was happy in prison, while Nero was miserable in a palace. Human, after telling his wife and his friends all his promotion and glory, adds: "Yet all this availthe me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate." On that night could not the king sleep.

Tired nature's sweet restores, balmy sleep—
He, like the world, his ready waits pays
Whose fortunes smiles."

But is this true? No. Sleep, sound, wholesome refreshing sleep, has least to do where fortune smiles. His ready visits are paid to the early rising, the temperate, the diligent; the sleep of a laboring man is sweet. "The wretched," indeed, "he forswakes."

But where does he find them? Here is one of them—the ruler of 127 provinces—on that night could not the king sleep. Ahab, the monarch of Israel, is melancholy, and sick, and cannot eat, because he cannot obtain Naboth's little parcel of ground for a garden of herbs; and neither his happiness nor health could go on till his wretchedness taught him to gratify his wish by the destruction of the noble minded peasant. His wise was the answer of the Shanmanite, when Elisha offered to speak for her to the king!—"I will dwell among my own people." If we are not content with such things as we have, we shall never be satisfied with such things as we desire. If there is a difference in outward conditions, it lies against those who fill the higher ranks. Their want of occupation, the listlessness, far worse than any labor, they feel; the little relish they have of natural refreshments; their sufferings from weak nerves and timid spirits; the squeamish anxieties about their health; the softening of their disposition by indulgence and ease, so that they are unable to endure;

their sensibility under trifling vexations, which others despise; their leisure to brood over, and hatch, a progress of dangers; the cares, to which they are liable; their fears, responsibilities, and dependences; the unmeasurable things expected from them, and their inability to give satisfaction to expectations—Where stand I end? These and a thousand other things, are enough to show the poor and the base that those who are placed above them are proportionately taxed.

Neither, however, is the opposite state the most desirable. As far as happiness depends on any outward condition, there lies between the extremes of prosperity and adversity, poverty and affluence, the most eligible choice. If life be a pilgrimage, man, the traveller, is best prepared for advancing, not when the road is smooth, or when it is large and level, but when it is flat; not when he is destitute of a staff, or when he has a large bundle of staves to carry, but when he has one that affords him assistance without incumbrance. Pray we, therefore, "Remove far from me vanity and haughtiness; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

COLD WEATHER.

As winter is fast approaching, and limbs will probably be frozen, we deem it an act of mere humanity to give a few words of advice, which may possibly save some fingers and toes; and the reader may be certain that we speak the words of experience:

Wear loose shires, which will give the bones and muscles of the feet fair play. The animal heat is sufficient, unless at a very low temperature,—Indian moccasons are still better. In dry weather, they are a perfect defence against cold; in wet, it is never cold enough to paralyze the system.

If you should chance to freeze a hand or a foot, never go near a fire to thaw it, unless you wish to lose a finger or a toe. Stay till a tub of ice-cold water can be procured, and then plunge the frozen member into it. Then you will feel acute pain, and lose the skin of the frozen part; perhaps the toe or finger nails—never mind—they will soon be renewed.

It, on the other hand, thou saw thy frozen digits at a fire, they will shortly exhibit one black mass of corruption, the flesh will fall from the bone, and the dry bones will protrude, till mortification or amputation operation, so to cure this disagreeable disorder most effectually in one hour's application only!

It does not contain the least particle of mercury, or other dangerous ingredient, and may be applied with perfect safety by physicians, matrons, or to children at the breast.

Price 37-12 cents a box, with ample directions.

D. REILLY'S
ANTHILLIOS PILLS.

For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Lassitude, Headache, Costiveness, Flatulence, Cholic, Bilious Affections, &c.

Comment on the efficacy of the Pills, after a successful experience of many years in England and America has established their reputation, is needless: Suffice it to observe, that for redundancy of Bill, Flatulence, Costiveness, Headache &c. &c. they will undoubtedly prove far more serviceable than those drastic purges so frequently employed, and will not only at the same time tend to remove the offending cause by gentle motion, and strengthen the digestive organs, but improve the appetite and renovate the system. Price 50 cents.

CAMERIAN TOOTH-ACHE PILLS.

The relief is immediate, without the least injury to the teeth. Price 50 cents a box.

DR. REILLY'S VEGETABLE SPECIFIC.

For Sick Headache, &c. Price 50 cents.

No genuine unless signed T. KIDDERSON the wrapper, (late proprietor and successor to Dr. Conway) by whom they are for sale, at his Curing Room, No. 99, Court Street Boston, and by his special appointment, by Daniels & Bell, Rutland; Levi Lewis, Wells, Adams Warner & Co., Ludlow.

No 5.

March 14-55wly

Important!

TO PERSONS SUFFERING FROM RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS.

To the Editor of the Inquirer:

SIR—On the principle enunciated by the great and good Dr. Franklin, to diffuse as widely as possible every man in our power to mitigate or soften the afflictions of suffering humanity, I feel it incumbent upon me to make known through the medium of your useful periodical, on reading therein an advertisement of Dr. Jebb's Liniment, for the cure of RHEUMATISM, I was forcibly impressed with the belief that it was calculated to remove the severe Rheumatic affection to which I had been for seven or eight years subjected, sometimes almost depriving me of the use of my limbs. I accordingly procured a bottle, and before I had used the whole of it, found very sensible relief. This increased my confidence in it, and led me to obtain another bottle, the use of which has completely removed the swellings and pain of my limbs, together with the cramp, and restored them to their wonted vigor.

I am respectfully yours,

GEOGE TAYLOR, Jr.

Hempstead, L.I. March 24th.

Persons suffering from the above complaints, and in despite of a cure from the failure of the various remedies they have used, are invited to make trial of this long and celebrated medicine, which has in years past cured and relieved, as it is now doing, thousands who had despaired of relief. Nothing but a fair trial can give an adequate idea of its unrivaled excellence. It is also one of the best applications known for stiffness of the joints, numbness, sprains and contusions. Price 50 cents.

No genuine unless signed T. KIDDERSON, on the wrapper, (late proprietor and successor to Dr. Conway) by whom they are for sale, at his Curing Room, No. 99, Court Street Boston, and by his special appointment, by Daniels & Bell, Rutland; Levi Lewis, Wells, Adams Warner & Co., Ludlow.

No 5.

Feb. 29-55wly.

GEORGE M. BARRETT.

THOMAS' BOSTON ALMANAC, for 1837.

ABEL'S Vermont " " "

CHRISTIAN " " "

MINIATURE Pocket " " "

For sale at the Rutland Book-store by

W. FAY.

TRUMAN ABEL.

New England Farmer's Almanac,

FOR the year of the Christian Era, 1837, just published, and for sale in lots to retail purchasers, by the subscriber, at the Windsor Bookstore.

N. C. GODDARD.

Windsor, Sept. 27, 1836. 40-centa.

STEPHEN GLEASON.

Shrewsbury, Sept. 26, 1836. 40-centa.

K. EPT constantly on hand,

and for sale, by the subscriber, who has been appointed sole Agent for this vicinity,

W. FAY.

Rutland, September 22, 1836.

40-centa.

VIENNA OR DUTCH PILLS.

K. EPT constantly on hand,

and for sale, by the subscriber, who has been appointed sole Agent for this vicinity,

W. FAY.

Rutland, September 22, 1836.

40-centa.

PORK.

BURT & MASON will pay CASH for PORK

and FLAX SEED. Also, for good Day

BY BUTTER.

Rutland, Nov. 8, 1836.

40-centa.

<p